

Good Morning 684

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Report for Stoker Thomas Axten—Jolly Sailor is Doing Fine!

THE door was opened by your wife Margaret—or maybe we should say Jose—Stoker Tom Axten, when we called to get a photograph and some home news for you from 6, New Road, Hanworth.

She introduced us to her mother, who was looking extremely well, and who said that she is waiting for you to return home safely, and hopes it won't be long now. Jose was shy about adding anything to this message, but she certainly agreed with it completely.

She did say, however, how very much, she was looking forward to those trips to Kingston again—so what about it, Tom?

All the folk at Sunbury are well. Wally and Les hope to see you before long, and Ivy, Keith and Jennifer all send their love.

Back again at Hanworth, Pop says "The Jolly Sailor" is doing fine, and suggests you hurry home and have a

This Historic Picture is for L.S. James Will Cowan

WE were one day late in getting around to Ashington, quiet little mining town in Northumberland. Otherwise we could have attended the first birthday of the one-year-old daughter you've never seen, Leading Seaman James William Cowan.

But here is a picture of some of the people who were at the celebration, and we can provide you with a few odds-and-ends of news about this historic occasion.

Such as the fact that there were 14 birthday cards for little Patricia, who looked with the unblinking steadfast eyes of the very young at the colourful pictures thereon—and had far more interest in her next feed!

Or the fact that the birthday

pint with him before the stuff runs out.

There was a notice in the window of Number 6 when we called, which stated that a party was being given for the children of New Road on VE-Day. Jose said Ma was busy collecting all along the road for this, and at the same time collected many good wishes for your speedy return home.

When you get back we guess there'll be another party—this time at "The Jolly Sailor" in honour of the sailor home from the sea. We'd like to be there, Stoker Tom Axten.



cable which her daddy sent arrived on just the right day—neither too soon nor too late. Good timing, sailor!

In the picture tiny Patricia is wearing the birthday frock which you sent. It arrived three weeks before the great day, but was kept back until the proper time.

The other child is Janet, six-months-old daughter of your sister Mrs. Janet Potts—also on the picture. And then, besides your wife Lily, you'll recognise the other relatives, all of whom have been caught by the camera under the same spell which children cast the world over.

When we called at 23, Castle Terrace, Ashington, your wife was not at home, but we discovered that she was having tea at Seventh Row, and that was where we got the picture.

The happy atmosphere of the photograph shows you, without any more words, that all's well at home.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Secret of Cossack Horse That Went Flapping

"LET sport be the cement that binds the world together." This was the toast proposed by the Guv'nor at the Jolly Roger the other evening, when the sporting pals were trying in their modest way to find the solution to the problem that has baffled the greatest statesmen all down the ages.

"That's just another slogan," said Bernard, "which can be meaningless until the whole world has been infused with the real spirit of sportsmanship as we think we know it."

"SLOGANS by themselves," breed a better feeling all said the Guv'nor, "can be round."

"There was not much sport for the fathers of the fine young men who have formed the present victorious Russian Army," said the Guv'nor. "As you know, the old Russian peasantry were little better than slaves, and were given few opportunities for sport."

"A fine lot of joy the German people had, I'm sure," put in Paddy, "and they'll get a lot less for the next few years to come, if they get their deserts."

"We should reverse that catch-phrase to our own interests," said Bernard, "and make it Joy Through Strength. That will be the only way we shall be able to get any joy out of life for our sons and daughters; to be so strong that any future war-mongers will be warned off before they can start any monkey tricks."

"And what better means of making a strong nation do you know than sport?" asked the Guv'nor.

"I'll tell you one thing we'll live to see," said Paddy, "and that is Russia as a big sporting nation. They were getting well into their stride with most of our native sports and games that originated in these islands some years before the war."

"We shall see the start of a series of international events, and I guess they will do more towards our people arriving at a thorough understanding with them than anything you can name. With the younger generation of Russians the name of British sport already ranks high, and it is sure to

Many of them went to France and tried to eke out an existence, doing all sorts of menial jobs. The extraordinary thing was that the Cossacks parted with nearly all their belongings to buy food, but the one thing that no money could buy was their saddle.

A Frenchman whom I knew heard about this, and he hit upon the idea of collecting a crowd of Cossacks, providing them with horses and all other requirements and forming a show, partly out of sympathy with them in their plight, and partly to make some money out of the venture.

"I might as well tell you tonight away that far from mak-

ing any money, he eventually went broke (and he was a fairly wealthy man before that), but his insight into the Russian character, or perhaps I should say the White Russian, was worth it all, so he told me.

"The Cossacks were overjoyed at the idea of sitting a horse once more, and it gave this Frenchman all the pleasure he needed to see these ragged men tramping in from all parts of the country with all they owned, their saddles. If you fellows didn't see them per- form you missed a rattling good show."

"I spent quite a lot of time with them when they were in London, and I gathered more hair-raising stories in that period of time than I had done in all my previous years. There were Princes, Dukes, and even Duchesses, and at least three who had formerly been millionaires. One of them, who owned as many marble palaces as I own chicken sheds, and who used to have his own private symphony orchestra, was a cornet-player in the Cossack band."

"But I can't recount them all now. The point I want to make is that the Frenchman who had set out to give happiness of a sort to these exiles brought such trouble upon himself that the wonder is that he returned to France with just about enough to pay his fare and still had a full head of thick black hair."

"Before each show, it was a show in itself to see him dramatically pacing up and down, waving his arm and using all his astonishing eloquence to persuade these Cossacks to go on with the performance. When it was all over he would turn to me and say, 'They are children, just children!'"

"Eventually the day came when even my friend's marvellous powers of persuasion failed, and the Cossacks went on strike. Of course, that was the end of the show, and all the horses and other effects had to be sold up to pay outstanding debts, such as rent of the hall, fodder bills, and other expenses."

"Well, that's interesting," commented Paddy. "But it puzzles me to know how they could have parted with their horses so easily. The Cossack, you know, is just nothing without his horse. They are wonderful horsemen."

"All I can say is," answered the Guv'nor, "that the majority of this bunch had no logic. If that Frenchman couldn't make them see sense, nobody could."

"Before we leave the Cossacks I must tell you one of the tricks they worked at that show. The best of the trick-riders (Djigites they are called, because not all Cossacks are trick-riders) used to come into the arena at a fast gallop and pass himself under the body of his horse, mounting and dismounting twice during the run up the length of the arena."

"This was a difficult trick that appeared to be delightfully easy. In order to boost the show, a prize of £100 was offered to anyone who could do this trick. Needless to say, there were plenty of entrants for the competition."

"I may as well tell you that the £100 was as safe as if it lay in Bernard's bank. Among the horses was one kept especially for the purpose."

Directly any lively young horseman turned up to try for the £100, out would come this pretty little chestnut filly and, well, the horseman

afterwards took a size smaller in hats, when he had finished walking on a crutch.

"I remember one young sergeant in the Horse Guards. He was proud of his rough-rider's badge, and told me that the riding of these Cossacks had been very much overrated. I advised him to give up the idea of trying the trick, telling him that it was next door to an impossibility in the circumstances, but the more I tried to persuade him, the keener he became."

"At all events, I did succeed in persuading him to take off his spurs. He might have broken his neck had he kept his spurs on. I was not sorry when he steered clear of me after he had failed."

"Why couldn't he do the



"H'm! That trombone player next door seems rather cramped for room, don't you think, Winnie?"

trick if the Cossack did it?" asked Paddy.

"Because, my friend, the chestnut filly was a French racehorse. She went fast when the champion Cossack took her up the arena towards her stable, and then she just went like a flash of lightning, and even the champion couldn't do the trick that way."

"The dirty dogs," said Paddy.

"When the horses were being auctioned at Aldridge I met a friend of mine who combined farming with training; just a horse or two for little out-of-the-way meetings. I told him about the chestnut filly and he bought her at a knock-down price. She proved a rare bargain, as he picked up a lot of money with her at flapping meetings."

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

10,000 AIRMEN WERE SAVED

THE Navy has an Air Arm. It's therefore only fair that the R.A.F. should have a Sea Arm. It has one. Though the work of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, as it is called, is not often mentioned, it has saved the lives of nearly 10,000 airmen since the war began—airmen who would otherwise have been lost at sea.

Preparing now for large scale operations in the Far Eastern waters, the Air-Sea Rescue Service is continuing its five year old job with the R.A.F.—fishing

their personnel out of the drink. With the prospects of post-war heavy air traffic over the channel some form of A.S.R. service will probably be continued after the war.

The Naval dockyard was being swept by a howling gale when we arrived. According to the D.S. and S. Scale, it was only a "very rough" sea, but it looked more like a typhoon to us. In the shelter of a jetty, amongst larger fry, three R.A.F. Air-Sea, Rescue launches lay snuggled up to each other, their pale blue ensigns flapping in the wind.

This A.S.R. station has had a pretty busy time in the last four years, especially during the Battle of Britain. Manned mainly by non-regulars, who before the war were keen amateur yachtsmen, there is a goodish sprinkling of ex-Royal and Merchant Navy chaps here as well.

Their life at this station is on the lonely side, not because it is an isolated district but because leave is very scarce. The crews have to be at full strength all the time—ready to answer distress signals at any hour of the day or night. However, the place is made more cheerful by radios, gramophones and pin-up girls.

The N.C.O. in charge of the station, a hefty young ex-merchant seaman from Cornwall was called "Flight" (usually). He took us over the station, a group of small huts on the quay, which seemed to shudder with cold. Inside however, they were warm and comfortable.

"We're due off in 10 minutes" said Flight. "Would you like to see over my boat before we leave? She has just been done up." Even in the shelter of the quay the boats were bumping up and down a lot. "These are

the smallest sea-going boats in the service," he continued, as we went aboard, "but we couldn't take them far to Sea to-day; they'd be broken up in no time."

"Well, what happens if you get a signal for the North Sea

**Says
Peter Vincent**

strength of a No. 5 swell, breaking on the ship's side. Once he gets nearly swept overboard and knocked around the place for a while the landlubber soon changes his mind, if he isn't too sick to care. These A.S.R. launches can do

cruiser rode at anchor, looking sleek and powerful as only a cruiser can.

We went into the forward cabin where Flight was steering. Waves were breaking right over us, covering the windscreen with spray, and soaking the L.A.C. who was working on one of the engines at the back. An ingenious windscreen wiper, in the shape of a circular glass plate revolving at high speed, made it possible to see ahead.

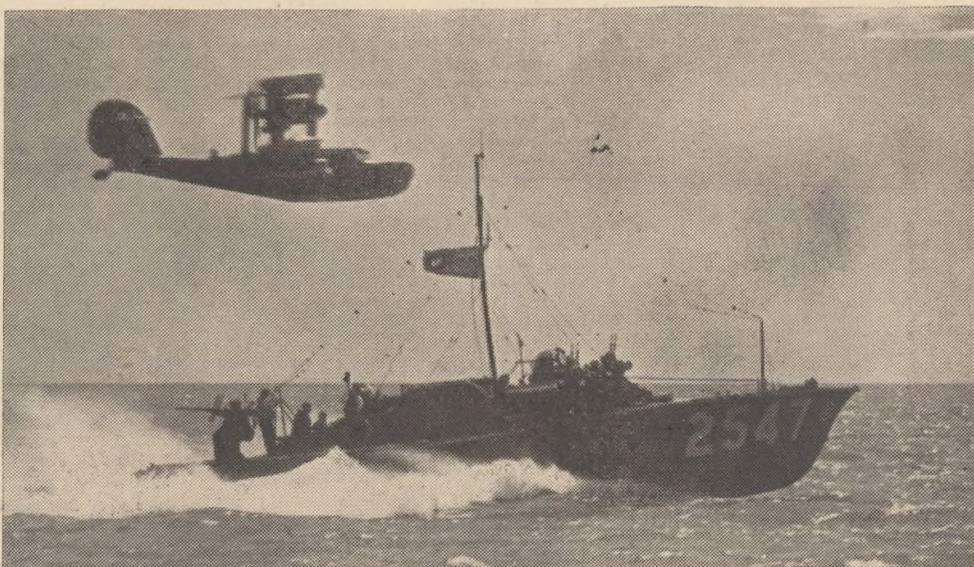
"We're keeping well in-shore," said Flight. The horizon ahead looked black and murky. "Out there," Flight pointed, "it's REALLY rough." We turned slightly so as to keep near the coast. It could be seen, between successive waves, a grey strip far behind us.

One of the crew took over as Flight showed us over the cabin. It was the same as on his ship, which we'd left back in the jetty. "There's room for four stretcher cases—and we can make them comfortable too," said Flight. "We don't carry a doctor on these 40 footers, but we're in constant touch with base, and the medico there gives us instructions on what to do when we pick up a wounded man."

There was a large medical chest in the corner. Underneath it were canisters of machine-gun ammunition. These A.S.R. craft have learnt from experience and go out armed. Many have shot down enemy planes and picked up the crews—making business for themselves as it were.

"It's funny," said Jock, the chap at the helm, "but when you see an '88' coming at you, a machine gun gives you more confidence than all the red crosses from here to China." We could understand that. "I was on the big ones before I

(Continued on Page 3)



Combination does it—air and sea craft working together.

on a day like this?" we asked. "They send a 63 footer then," he said. "Or, a destroyer, if it's too far out. Those 63 footers have three Napier engines, power operated gun turrets, and a range of 500 miles. They go out in any weather."

The signal tower started morseing to a ship in the harbour. The order came through and we transferred to another launch, a 40 footer. They're battleship grey on top, with

black hulls and have the R.A.F. roundel painted on top of the cabin. Three "ratings," in ballacavas, gum boots and air force battledress, kept the boat clear of others as we edged out into the harbour. They wore the A.S.R. badge on their shoulders.

To the genuine landlubber there is always a certain contempt for the sea and its dangers. This is because he cannot imagine the force of a strong 40 m.p.h. gale or the

50 m.p.h. flat out, but in a sea that's rough they have to keep their speed well down.

We buffeted out, through ugly yellow-grey waves passing destroyers in white paint, back from Mediterranean duty, and overtaking a corvette and a few frigates. Or maybe, it was a frigate and a few corvettes. It was interesting to see how all the ships displayed their badges (wrongly called crests) on the quarterdeck.

Further out, a county class

QUIZ for today

1. How many pounds are there in a stone of meat?
2. What seaside town adjoins Brighton?
3. In how many different orders can you write the letters (a) A B C, (b) A B C D?
4. Does a concave lens magnify an object or make it look smaller?
5. How many spots are there on a die (dice)?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Paper, Wood, Lino, Glass, Plaster, Stone.

Answers to Quiz in No. 683

1. One-eyed monster.
2. Sixteen feet.
3. Larns-tun.
4. Brazil.
5. Six inches.
6. £32 is not an exact number of guineas; others are.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

THIS is the story of a knob on a stick. It belonged to xylophonist Olive Ashley, and it had gone through the hurly-burly of twelve years on the variety stage and two years in the Middle East. It had been blitzed in London, machine-gunned in Dover, fly-bombed in Southern England, purloined by thieves in Cairo, and nearly drowned in the Suez Canal.

But this doughty knob came through all these adventures, until it arrived in Cyprus recently, where Olive was giving a show to the troops. During the performance it suddenly split right down the middle as Olive struck her xylophone with it, and the two halves sailed out to the audience, to be caught with resounding cheers.

As rubber-bound knobs on suitable sticks are impossible to obtain in that part of the world, Olive had to abandon her performance. She thought she would have to content herself with playing the piano for the next few weeks, until a hasty cable to E.N.S.A.'s London headquarters brought another knob to her by air.

But no. The two halves were collected, and several soldiers spent their off-duty hours experimenting with various ways of welding the knob securely together again. Finally, they managed to do the trick, and early the next morning, "knob, one, xylophone for bashing with," was delivered to Olive's billet.

The show went on, and latest despatches from the Middle East report that the knob is still continuing its travels for E.N.S.A.

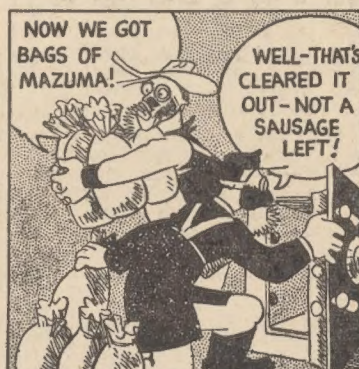


BUCK RYAN artist Jack Monk tells me he was discussing the effects alcohol has on the human with a medical student, who summed up the six stages of intoxication as follows: "Dry and decent, delighted and devilish, dazed and disgusting, dizzy and delirious, dazed and dejected, dead drunk."

I think he's got something there!

Old George hadn't had any beer, But when they cried out "All change here," Lo and behold, He did as was told. He'll be out by the end of the year.

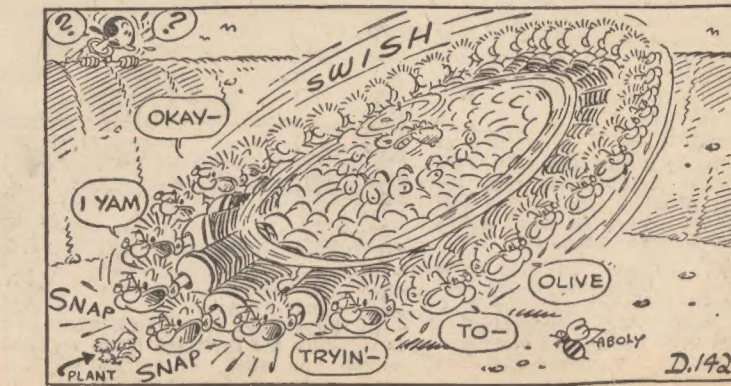
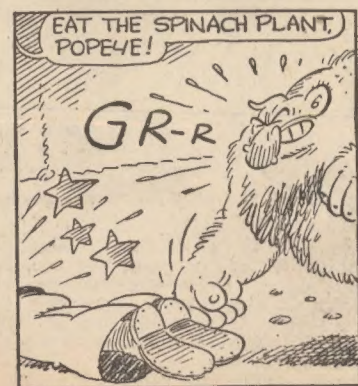
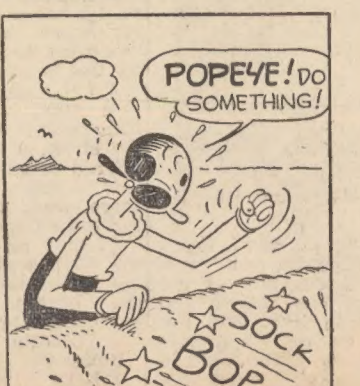
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 623

- 1. Cut one letter out of habit and get a pronoun.
- 2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Lo n t e n y a b d h i c k s t a r e u c k s b u t l o o s .
- 3. What common word has EBO for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The car crashed because a bullet had managed to — the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 622

- 1. T(R)AY.
- 2. Fanny flops on the floor with fluffy kittens for fun.
- 3. SynTHETic, oTHER. (Also AesTHETic.)
- 4. Drawback, backward.

JANE

10,000 AIRMEN WERE SAVED

(Continued from Page 2) came here," he said, "but these are more fun."

We heard the familiar drone and looked up. A squadron of Hurries passed, hurrying. "They're coming back from a strike," said Flight. "This isn't the best weather for one either." Just then a signal came through; due to the weather, further flying operations were cancelled—we were to return. Flight swung the boat around and we splashed back, homeward bound.

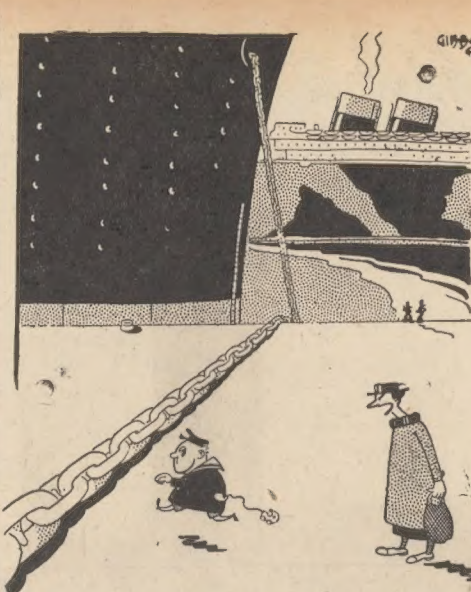
The county class cruiser was still there, looking a trifle bored and completely ignoring the great waves that crashed against her hull.

There seemed to be a party going on as we shot by three destroyers, made fast together, the white ensign, in triplicate, flying

from their sterns. Flight said, "Thank God we didn't have any casualties today. It's very hard to get them aboard in a sea like this without hurting them, and that's when we lose our own men."

By the time we entered the harbour visibility was down to 1 kilometre. We cut speed and manoeuvred back to the quayside. The machine-guns were dismantled and taken off. Continuous drenching from the sea spray is bad for them. It doesn't do us any good either. After a nice dry out in the mess we said cheerio to Flight and left.

On a lovely summers day their job can be as pleasant as a Mediterranean cruise—but in winter, as Flight would say, "it's no damn joke."



"Leave the man's boat where it is, Willy, DO!"



"Haven't you got something better to do than to watch me?"



LAUREN BACALL

HER first film has not yet been released in this country, but her photograph is already well known here. Her name, of course, is Lauren Bacall.

I won't say that Lauren had always cherished an ambition to be an actress, but it is a fact that she had a period of training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. This, however, didn't lead very far, the total result being a few small parts in stage plays which flopped before reaching Broadway.

Miss Bacall, at the age of eighteen, turned to modelling, and her photograph was noticed by Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the producer.

She was tested and put under contract, but an intensive course of screen training followed. Her first film is "To Have and Have Not."

She was born on September 16th, 1924, in New York, has mousey blonde hair and greyish-green eyes, and is 5ft. 7in. in height. She is not married—yet; but rumour has it she may become Mrs. Humphrey Bogart.

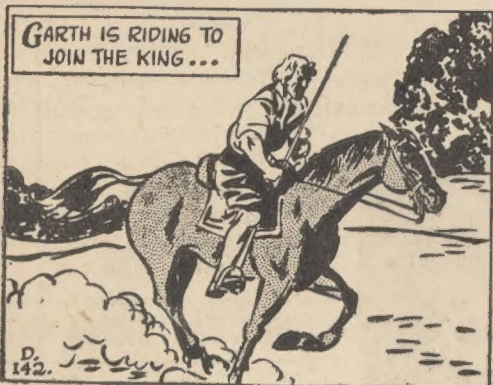
Oh, and I should mention that she appears destined to be one of the screen's topmost actresses before the year's out!

DICK GORDON.

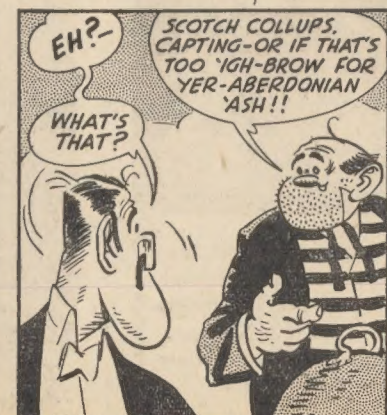
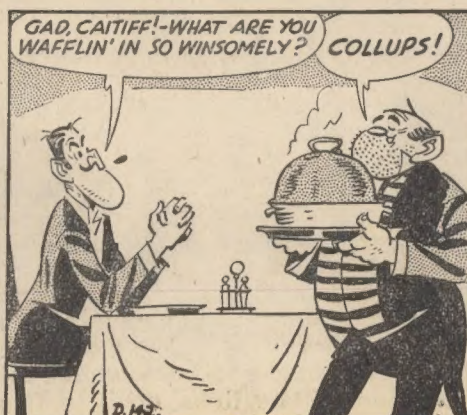
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

BUFF	BARODA
ENLACE	AKIN
ACUTE	STARE
ROE	LIT
PEW	E
CERAMIC	RD
ARECA	TA
EXTINCT	L
ALE	TEA
LOB	CUBBY
TRIPLE	IDEA
HOOKE	DECREE
WENT	

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CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Compute. 6 Cry down. 10 Bird. 11 Slender. 12 Jumped. 14 Having power. 15 Related. 16 Golden eagle. 18 Nil. 20 Beam. 22 Number. 24 Unit of capacity. 25 Amount to. 27 Refreshments. 29 Woman. 31 Put down. 34 Wild plant. 36 Dairy produce. 38 Ape. 39 Small blow. 40 Looked at. 41 Beet-hoven Overture.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Others. 2 Enable. 3 Spiral. 4 Admit. 5 African river. 6 Scotch family. 7 Boy's name. 8 Sharp tool. 9 Child's sleep. 13 Axe. 17 Function. 19 Girl's name. 21 Mechanic. 22 Uncivilised. 23 Sort of velvet. 25 Detached land. 28 Recurrent series. 30 In. 32 Of aviation. 33 Small department. 35 Boy's name. 37 Ugly old woman.

Good Morning

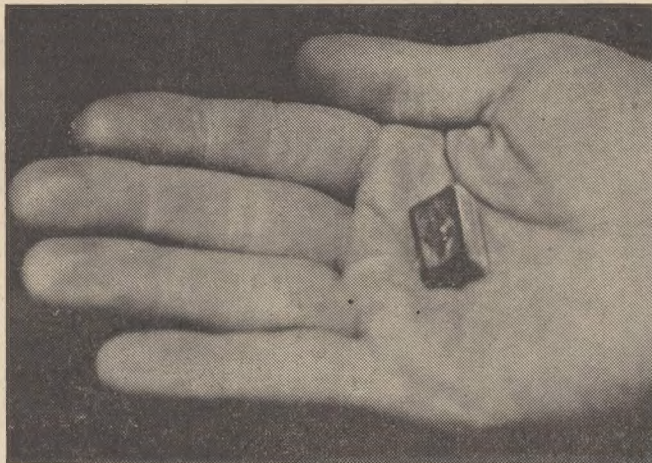


If you can pick out any pals in the crowds lining Westminster Bridge or the Embankment we'll award a German U-boat to every one recognised. This is a Home Town competition open to all. Fact is this is the arrival of London's U-boat—Your boat, Our boat, Everybody's boat—straight from the Nazi Navy, they having no further use for her.



In case you are puzzled about the signs, this is what in England is called an Inn, a place where beer and such like liquids are sold. If you'd like to see the inside of the quaint establishment you'll find it in Chichester, name, Castle Inn. Any time you like, we'll show you how to cross the bar. It's a date?

THE SMALLEST OF ALL



To save you trouble let's say at once it is the smallest book in the British Museum, Scholss' English Bijou Almanack, printed in 1839, smaller than a postage stamp, and illustrated at that.



The Milk Board ought to know about this. One has had so much he sits down to more. The little devil in front—and without coupons, too! Mobile Dairy Daisy said it was a hold-up.



Hail Columbia! Why? Because Ann Savage in "Two Man Submarine" is bounding up the ladder of film fame, and is Columbia's beauty. You can't see any ladders, but oh, to be bound—manacled, if you like, with Ann!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

